

**There begynneth the parlyamēt of
fowles compyled by the noble retho-
rycyen Geffray chaucer.**

code R
as R

**Johānes Rastell in laudem magistri gal-
fridi chaucer.**



7
8
9
10
11
12
13
14
15
16
17
18
19
20
21
22
23
24
25
26
27
28
29
30
31
32
33
34
35
36
37
38
39
40
41
42
43
44
45
46
47
48
49
50
51
52
53
54
55
56
57
58
59
60
61
62
63
64
65
66
67
68
69
70
71
72
73
74
75
76
77
78
79
80
81
82
83
84
85
86
87
88
89
90
91
92
93
94
95
96
97
98
99
100

**Ho so wolde cōsidere the great dilygence
w The bysy excersise and laborous study
Of geffrey chaucer in his existence
That famous poete of late memozy
with his fayre eloquence and elygance
Shall see our tonge enlumyned so with his spech
That to the ere it is an heuynly lech**

**His hys sentence so bzele and quyke
Hys pregaunt resons of ppyte sustenaunce
His sugred termys ar no thing to seke
His collours gay of mooste ppyte plesaunce
So clere is depuryd his langage in substaunce
Of euery difference in his owne ppyte
wozde reson sentence poyntyd as it sholde be.**

a.i.

*Tempus parato raris
Gebetum Eae quod ego gulo*

For as auroza departith the darkenes
Toward the risynge of firy phebus bryght
And the shadowes of the blake cloudy skyes
Are with drawyn through lucifers lyght
So in englyssh the wark who redyth a ryght
Of this noble man all other doth excell
In great wysdom & vnderstandyng supertell

Ego sum sicut pulvis & cinis

And by cause I am assuryd of this thyng
That this lytyl treatise whiche is callyd
The parlyament of fowles was of his doynge
With oft inquisicyon I haue hyt achuyd
And hyt publischide & made to be pzentyd
Which wark not only but all other that he made
For nobyl quik sentence ben worthye to be radde

My heart is made like unto dust

Wherfore eterne ioye in euerlastyng blys.
I besych god his soule to graunt in glozy
I boue the sterre palayse that he not mys
I sete in that heuynly consistory
Where as I trust in ioye his soule be met
Praysynge the eternall ioye without pene
Of his benygne mercy shewyd to hym here

*My heart is made like unto dust
And like unto ashes
Whiche is blowne awaye
With the wynde of thy wrath*

*My heart is made like unto dust
And like unto ashes
Whiche is blowne awaye
With the wynde of thy wrath
My heart is made like unto dust
And like unto ashes
Whiche is blowne awaye
With the wynde of thy wrath*

afflixit afflictos crudeli mo-
non ordini/serui dignita-
terentibus bonis rependuntur tunc no-
baleat: Si profecto ad hunc